

The Critic

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A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

18th Year

NEW YORK 16 APRIL 1898

No. 843

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Jeannette L. Gilder }

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Authors at Home *

MR. FRANK R. STOCKTON AT CONVENT STATION, N. J.

THERE is no pleasanter country in the neighborhood of New York than the Loantika valley with its sweep of bordering uplands, thirty miles to the north-west of the great city. No avenue of elms and tall maples is more musical on a windy day than the broad road which connects Morristown and Madison. Halfway between the two towns, and abutting on the main road, Kitchell Avenue starts out straight for the west, meaning to hit the level of the Loantika terrace road part way up a long range of hills; but after a hundred rods or so, it dips sharply to cross the valley, and in doing so soon loses itself in a double row of full-grown maples, not for a long distance recovering its high lines and serious purpose of reaching the hills.

Curiously enough, its main deviation from the level and straight occurs exactly between the homes of Arthur B. Frost and Frank R. Stockton, two gentlemen with whom gravity refuses to have any permanent association. Eight years ago the creator of Mrs. Leeks and Mrs. Aleshine found just the house he wanted on the right-hand border of the avenue, and a little later the illustrator of "Rudder Grange" and "Uncle Remus" came to live in a fine old mansion just over the rise on the left. A single field, with the road already doubling into a laugh, lies between; but that field, open upland and

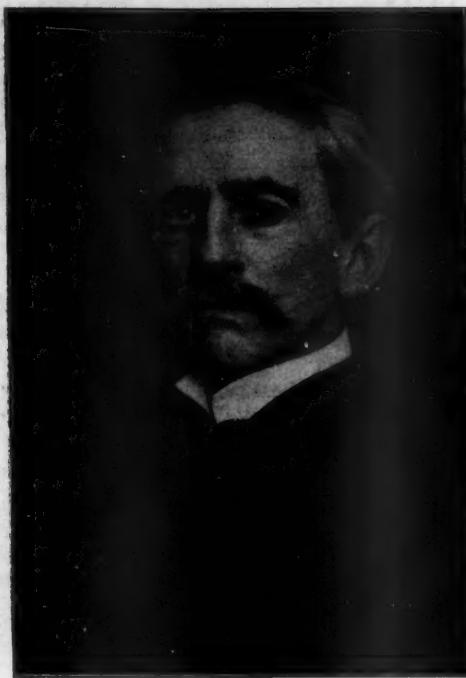
spare in its present state, was a training ground on which Washington sometimes arrayed

"The Old Continentals
In their ragged regimentals,"

in the dark days of the Revolution.

As you walk, or drive, down Kitchell Avenue in blossom time, beautiful is the blush on the red buds of the maples; the boughs are full of birds singing the new spring in. For the birds come early to the long avenue, and the road sweeping down to the low ground is alive with them. If you follow the birds that way, and just where the road dips, turn in between two stone gate-posts, which are the outcropping of a bank wall, after a brief curve along the carriage road you will, perhaps, if you are happy enough to be an invited guest, see Mr. Stockton himself, inspecting a tulip bed, or with his walking-stick, poking away a chestnut burr of the last autumn, or a long cone fallen from one of the many noble Norway spruce trees which hide the house from the road. His is a simple welcome, cordial but never boisterous. The city has been left behind. Even the whistle of the locomotive seems far away. You see the grey squirrel softly letting himself down from a hemlock into a spruce bough. Perhaps a blue jay from the wood near by has sent an inquiring note, but, unless the winds are in a lively mood, you will find no breaking of the peace, no restless desire to entertain with fireworks, but in the man and in all his surroundings repose and a sweet soundness. If you chance to remark on the lovely restfulness of his home amid its green shaded slopes, you will perhaps be told of the gentleman who, wishing to sell his estate, disparagingly admitted that it had two serious drawbacks: the nightingales *would* sing, and the roses *would* scatter their petals all over the ground.

It is not until your attention has been called by that inquisitive walking-stick to the subterranean windings of a mole in the sod under the pines—for Mr. Stockton is particular in these things—that you become gradually aware that you are standing in front of a frame building of two or three storeys high—the house isn't particular which; sometimes two, sometimes three—with a square tower of five storeys at the corner. There is nothing exactly regular about the building—no two things just alike. It is of the good colonial yellow, or a shade paler, broad-based and ample, built on the jutting point of a terminal moraine of the glacial period. The land slopes away sharply on three sides, but not without breadth enough about the house for the carriage-road, the flower beds, and the green turf over which a hammock will swing and rustic seats loaf all summer. Nature and the former owner, Dr. Kitchell, left a legacy of rare tall trees for the shoulders of the moraine behind the house, and of growing ornamental trees for the front, justifying the name of The Holt, or the wooded hill, which Mr. Stockton has given to his home. With a good soil and abundant springs beneath, as if the glacial ice were still melting there, the trees have overtopped the house, leaving



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE CRITIC
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MR. FRANK R. STOCKTON

to the tower alone an astronomic outlook on the stars and the sunset.

In the upper tower room sits the young stenographer, making a clean copy with the typewriter, of some one of those wonderful stories, which has previously gone through the two stages of invention and dictation. Mr. Stockton has rather fostered an idle tale of a ghost scurrying down the tower stairway after midnight, but in his adroit way he leaves to his guests the privilege of settling the vexed question whether it is a ghost or only a black cat playing with a bag of hickory-nuts. The young stenographer at her work may look out between the boughs upon the rich valley and woodlands where the Loantika loses itself, and upon the terraced hills beyond, on whose uplands are the broad orchards of many gentlemen farmers—whose farm stock is well mixed with city bank stock. Morristown, with its handsome levels, lies under the highest of the hill-domes which form the northern end of the Blue Ridge. These uplands in April and May are lovely with blossoming peach and apple orchards, rich all summer with foliage, cattle on a thousand hills, and, if you can get near enough to see them, milk-pans shining at the back door. In autumn the cider-mills will run on well into November, and rose gardens under glass will shine out through frosty panes all winter.

Mr. Stockton spends a good part of every afternoon, rain or shine, in driving over the historic ground. The roads pierce the hills, or meander through wooded valleys, past rose-gardens and shimmering beehives, to Summit and Short Hills, to Basking Ridge, where Gen. Charles Lee judiciously relieved Gen. Washington of his impudent presence in the army by falling into the hands of the British; to Hanover; to Whippany, lying in its angle of streams which wash the roots of tall trees and sing for the Sunday

idlers who sit on the fences and get their music for nothing. These drives are a feature of life at The Holt. Horses are a prime delight with the author. He is never without a handsome, serviceable pair of well-matched greys or glossy blacks, selected generally by himself and named in his own quaint style. One horse is remembered, purchased out of the profits sent him from the English sale of "Rudder Grange," and called, in a burst of international gratitude, by the full title of the publisher, "David Douglas, 15 A Castle Street, Edinburgh."

The author's cattle, too, answer to favorite names—Hannah, Hilda, Lorna Doone, Marjorie Daw. The last name served for three generations of cows. The writer remembers Lorna Doone in her first week at The Holt, thin from pining, refusing her feed; but she became reconciled to the modern improvements with which, as a thrifty husbandman, Mr. Stockton supplied his barn, and she chews his autumn vegetables, when she can get them, with a sense of ownership, supplying his breakfast table in return with the best of cream.

The author likes his cows, but he loves his horses, always in his country excursions holds the reins himself, and, on his long drives, is never in a hurry to get home. Never but once, when, as it turned out, the manuscript of one of his longest novels, taken from the vaults of the Madison bank for some purpose of examination, had been left over Sunday at home. The value of the manuscript was greater than that of the house, and was not covered by the insurance, so that the impatience of the author to leave beautiful Summit behind him on that Sunday drive was natural.

But we have left Mr. Stockton's guest too long at the door, and the young lady of the typewriter too long in the tower. The spring winds up there are delicious; the robin flutes in the tree-tops, the jay screams among the chestnuts, and both no doubt are full of the mystery of love-making. But business is business. Although in that house leisure seems always in command, it is a well-regulated leisure. The machinery of life is never visible. Let us suppose the guest past the threshold, welcomed in the parlor on the left, regaled in the supper-room on the right. Let us suppose all the long delights of an evening of fireside talk and the sound sleep of the first night succeeded by a new day.

When breakfast is over and the morning visit to the garden and barn, with a fresh study, perhaps, of the mole, has brought ten o'clock near, Mr. Stockton disappears into his study, and the day's work begins—not at the desk, or with the pen, although a desk is there, loaded with letters to be answered, and a table with the latest works of reference; for there is no man so particular as to facts, especially facts recently acquired by science, facts which he must use gently, as not abusing them. How he gets them is not evident from any display of books, but how he verifies them is clear enough. His wildest inventions must have a show of truth. Sometimes they are startling as predictions or anticipations of discoveries, sometimes alarmingly true, as when in "The Merry Chanter" he located Boston in a volcanic region. His favorite thinking chair is not a chair, but a hammock swung in the study. Just where or just when those marvelously funny stories are thought out in all their details, no man but Mr. Stockton himself knows. They seem to exist in his

mind, one behind another, in long shadowy procession, like the bodiless shapes in Virgil's under-world. While one is emerging into life, many are thronging up the windings of the enchanted valley. Except for an occasional remark dropped in conversation, when the speaker seems struggling with a name, or searching for the correct statement of a fact, there is little outward evidence of the preparation going on. He is not inclined to talk of his creations until they are things of life.

The study during the hours of work, ten o'clock until one, is almost as peaceful a place as the bright parlor or the tempting dining-room. This part of the house, containing the study, is an addition made since the present owners developed a need for it. Defended as it is from the sounds of approaching market-wagons and the pretty dialogue which nature prompts at the kitchen door, it has on two sides as pleasant a rear view as ever falls to the lot of a lover of back yards. "I am going to England to make a study of back yards," Mr. Stockton was heard to say one day, when talking of an intended trip abroad; and he was found marking out on the gravel with that inquisitive walking-stick a particular window which he intended to have in his future study. Around that window, existing then in his mind only, the study was built, and the scene from that window certainly justifies a trip to England. A grove of the tallest of tall trees, hickory, oak, tulip, poplar and chestnut, sinks away on the north side into a deep hollow, down which the eye follows, curious to note the ambitious efforts of the trees rooted on the low ground to level up their tops with their more fortunate brothers on the upland.

Autumn is the best time to watch them through that rear window. While the man in the hammock is weaving his spell, the gray squirrel among the rustling leaves is busy with the chestnuts. Mrs. Stockton, having set the household in order, is perhaps among her flower-beds on the rounding of the slope. If there are guests at The Holt, very likely they are taking a turn at croquet under the biggest of all the oaks, but out of the range of vision; or if inclined to the picturesque, they may be attracted by the foot of the hill and a shaded path running along the hollow. It is an ideal picture of autumnal loveliness, delightful to the eye of the artist. Through this same window, as he lies in his hammock, if those dark-hued, grave, luminous eyes of his were just now seeing anything but his grotesque or beautiful inner world, the author could look out upon an open and ample valley lovelier even than the wooded dells. A tall hedge of arbor vitæ down the slope conceals the garden and barn, but apple-trees project above it, and the sun glints on the yellow and russet fruit. If Lorna Doone is "cropping audibly her later meal," she must be in the neglected grass among the trees. The "casual" hen is at work there, grubbing, and a guest with a wisp of gray about the temples, who needs sunshine, prefers that side of the hedge, and seems to taste his youth again in tasting the red-cheeked fruits. At the barn door is the coachman combing down the horses, and a barn-loving cat watches him from the threshold.

These are the more homely features of the picture, but from the study windows not visible to the eye, which wanders over the infinite glitter of bright foliage on the Loantaka

hills. For three hours the man in the hammock will see with the inner eye only. He is boring, perhaps, right through the terminal moraine under him, past innumerable springs which hide there, into "The Great Stone of Sardis;" or he is engaged with the breezy Ardis Claverden, whose spicy nature has taken his fancy mightily; or he is mentally trundling the baby-carriages for the pretty governess graduate at "The Squirrel Inn," or he is renewing his youth in that exquisite love scene in "The Hundredth Man." These are his living pictures. Around them is growing up an ideal life to which the waving branches and the croquet will be made tributary. The very maidens playing under the shadow of the oak will lend their charming features, but they will never know it.

When the morning session in the study is over, the doors are shut on that inner world. The author will show you his rare collection of pipes and tell you how they have come to him from all quarters. He values them as curiosities rather than for their use. He will take you to the dairy under the square tower, where the milkpans shine, or to the ice-house in the woods, to the old well-house at the foot of the garden, or among the late parsnips left under ground for the winter. He will talk dog, or horse, or let you into the secrets of earlier stories, but the ideal life which belongs to the daily session in the study is sacred, until the villain has been dismissed and the lovers have received his benediction with the marriage-bell. In the evening, when the guests separate for an hour, the ladies going to their quiet game or work about the evening lamp, the men to the study for a smoke, the conversation may take the widest range in politics, literature or society. But at midnight, when the well-regulated part of the household is in bed, and when the moonlight is on the rustling leaves under the windows, and a rising wind is wailing in the chimney, the guest, sitting late over a last cigar, may haply find Mr. Stockton at his best in some ghost-story, or humorous tale—"shadows of fact, verisimilitudes, not verities, or sitting upon the remote edges of history."

JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

Literature

"The Finances of New York City"

By Edward Dana Durand, Ph.D. *The Macmillan Co.*

A NOTEWORTHY characteristic of what has been described as the municipal revival in the United States is the appearance in increasing number of careful monographs upon American city organization and administration. Negative criticism and clever satire have yielded to comparative study and scholarly investigation. The succession is entirely logical. Probably in no other respect has Mr. James Bryce made so distinct a contribution to American political development as in the calm verdict that "the government of cities is the one conspicuous failure of the United States." Similarly, the progress of municipal consciousness in the United States has been stimulated to a far greater degree than might at first thought appear, by literary burlesques, of which Mr. Shapley's "Solid for Mulhooly" and Mr. Chambernawne's "The Boss" are excellent types. But the largest usefulness of such works has disappeared. Recognition of the fact that—borrowing Dr. Andrew D. White's phrase—American cities are the worst-governed in the world, has been followed by widespread impulse toward reform and improvement. It is certain, however, that in municipal as in social reform, vague desire for betterment is the most dangerous of forces. Before any large improvement in

American city government can be effected, acquaintance with the experience of other cities is desirable, and intimacy with our own municipal development and status is essential. This has been at once the occasion and the opportunity for the admirable studies of European municipal life which Dr. Albert Shaw has given us, and for the detailed investigations of our own municipal system which we owe to Prof. Goodnow.

To this useful body of literature Dr. Durand has made an important contribution. The field selected for treatment is narrow but fruitful. Financial embarrassment is the condition with which the ordinary American city finds itself threatened. Burdensome tax-rates, inelastic revenues, accumulated indebtedness are the present characteristics of American local finance. In other words, municipal authorities are confronted with an empty treasury at the very time when with the assumption of new functions and the more efficient performance of those already assumed, the imperative demand is everywhere for larger municipal expenditure. The study of municipal finance is thus one of the most inviting topics under the general subject of city government. A necessary preliminary to any intelligent discussion is, however, the detailed examination of the financial history and condition of particular American cities, and it is such an investigation with reference to the most important American city that the present volume represents. Dr. Durand's plan of treatment is at once historical, descriptive and critical. The evolution of the finances of New York from 1652 to 1873 is traced, and the working of the financial system provided by the charter of 1873 and in force until the creation of "Greater New York" analyzed in detail. The work is scholarly in method and readable in style. It can hardly fail to serve the double purpose of interesting the local clientele for which it is primarily designed, and of stimulating similar studies in other cities.

"Christian Greece and Living Greek"

By Dr. Achilles Rose, New York: *Peri Hellados Publication Office.*

IN THIS book the avowed object of the author is to prove the persistence of the classical Greek type of people and language down to the present day. The history of the Byzantine Empire is traced from its establishment to its overthrow, in a brief but forceful and readable style. The praiseworthy characteristics of both ruler and subject are placed before the reader clearly. The mistakes and faults of ruler and subject alike are frankly acknowledged, and as far as possible, they are condoned. The final overthrow of the empire and its consequent subjection to Turkish bondage is graphically described. The responsibility for the calamity is attributed to the blindness and the dissensions of the Christian church; and the crusades are made the chief instrument whereby the church unconsciously rendered the destruction inevitable. Here, as elsewhere frequently, the reader will disagree with the views set forth in this book. The author reviews briefly the degradation of the Hellenic nation under the Turkish yoke, and he summarizes the events that led up to the rebellion of 1820, when the sympathies of Christian Europe were excited, and the independence of Greece was established in 1828. In a similar manner, he traces the history of the independent kingdom up to the war of last year.

In his treatment of the language, Dr. Rose links the classical and modern periods together by means of the Byzantine Greek tongue. He urges the substitution of the modern pronunciation of Greek for the Erasmian method, upon the ground that the modern pronunciation is the same as that of the classical period. Few scholars will dissent from his opinion when he claims that the Erasmian method is "an arbitrary one, by no means agreeing with the one which had existed during the classical period of Hellas"; but they can hardly agree with him in his claim that the modern method accurately represents the pronunciation of

the classical period. If conclusive proof of his view on the latter point were offered, it would solve some vexatious problems. But the science of Greek phonology is even yet hardly more than in an incipient stage of development; and classical scholars generally sympathize with the views of Blass upon Greek pronunciation, despite Dr. Rose's profound conviction that they "have been completely refuted." Yet, many scholars who accept Blass's conclusions, advocate the use of the modern pronunciation of Greek as perhaps the only means of obtaining the wished-for end of a uniform pronunciation.

Finally, in view of the fact that for two decades Greek has steadily lost ground in our colleges, one cannot regard seriously the suggestion of the last chapter of the book that it be made the international language.

"The History of Our Navy"

From its Origin to the Present Day. By John R. Spears. 4 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. SPEARS has given us, in these four volumes, an entertaining narrative of the origin, gradual development and achievements of the United States Navy. He has collected a great deal of material, some of which will be new to many readers, and has presented it in a form calculated to catch the popular taste. His style is light and easy—indeed a little too easy, at times, for a history seriously undertaken.

The first volume deals with the exploits, during colonial days, of the privateersmen acting under local authority, and will be found very interesting. The causes leading to the Revolutionary War are traced, and the depredations of privateers on the enemy's commerce continued. This part is not only highly entertaining but instructive, as showing the effect of captures of English merchant vessels, in English waters, upon the people of a country boasting of the most powerful navy in the world. The cruise of the Ranger, under John Paul Jones, his deeds of daring in the Irish Channel, including the encounter with the Drake, and the subsequent fight between the Bonhomme Richard and the Serapis, are graphically told.

"The Revenge, which preceded the Ranger, was (says the author) "the fifth ship of the American navy (July, 1777) to cruise in England's home waters." "Nor was the injury felt alone by those British merchants whose ships happened to be captured. The insurance rates on all British ships rose at one period to twenty-five per cent.; and ten per cent. was demanded for the simple voyage from Dover to Calais. Worse yet, the fear of the Yankee cruisers became so great that shipments in British vessels were so far abandoned that forty sail of French ships were loading in the Thames on freight; an instance never before known." "An escort" (convoy) "was asked for, and received, for British ships in trade with Ireland, something that had never before been known even in the wars with France." (Vol. I, page 127.)

But the English merchants had more trouble in store. The enterprise which found a remunerative field in privateering turned on the conclusion of the Revolutionary War to commerce. "The British merchants," we are told, "saw with dismay their own ships passed by, and the Yankees chosen by shippers of cargoes—chosen because both safer and faster. And when the British merchant complained, he found (as he has always found) his government ready to listen, and to act in his behalf." (Vol. I, page 305.) The author then quotes Lord Sheffield, who, in 1784, said, in effect: "If the maritime powers of Europe know their interests they will not encourage the Americans to be carriers. That the Barbary states are advantageous to maritime powers is certain." American merchantmen swarmed into the profitable trade on the east side of the Atlantic. The author continues: "English merchants viewed the increasing numbers of American ships there with dismay and English diplomacy at once intervened." This was the prelude to the war against the Barbary pirates. There have been many changes since that day, but English diplomacy "intervening" in favor of English commercial interests is not among them.

The concluding chapter of Vol. I explains "Why we fought in 1812," and Vol. II carries us through that war. In Vol. III the story of the War of 1812 is brought to an end, though not without casting a slur upon the gallant officers. In the account of the battle of Lake Champlain, it is said that the Eagle "cut her cable and ran." (Vol. III, page 158.) This is followed by the enigmatical expression—"passing down wind behind the Saratoga." The facts are that the Eagle's springs had been shot away, so that she could not bring a gun to bear on the enemy. She therefore shifted her berth, dropping down the line and anchoring by the stern between the Saratoga and the Ticonderoga. By this means she got into a better position for continuing the action. It was considered a very fine exhibition of seamanship to be performed under fire. In the description of the running fight of the President, the narrator inclines to the English view that Decatur acted rather tamely in sticking to the Pomone of inferior force. Decatur had made a gallant fight against heavy odds, he had whipped the Endymion of about equal rating, and succumbed to greatly superior numbers only when further resistance would have resulted in a useless sacrifice of life. A chapter is devoted to the naval operations during the Mexican War; and some account is given of various naval expeditions, including the one to Japan under Commodore M. C. Perry. But we find no mention made of the tragic affair on board the brig Somers in 1842. The exploring expedition under Lieut. Wilkes in 1838 is disposed of in less than half a page.

The fourth volume deals with the civil war, and concludes with a chapter on the "New Navy." Many of the incidents of the war are well told, though the historian lapses occasionally into the novelist. The series of attempts on the part of the British Government to aid the Confederacy in the destruction of the Union having been narrated (Vol. IV, page 472), the author proceeds to give an account of the putting afloat of a class of fast cruisers and the moral effect produced by them. "That the British Government," he tells us, "became friendly after the trial trip of the Wampanoag had been described in print, is one of the most instructive incidents in the history of the American Navy. If it be coupled with the facts that before the building of the modern Yankee White Squadron, the British Government refused even to consider a proposition for a general arbitration treaty between the two English-speaking nations, and that since the efficiency of the Yankee ships has been demonstrated the British were particularly in favor of such a treaty, the incident proves—but let the candid reader consider this matter in all its bearings for himself. . . . And it is written 'Blessed are the peacemakers.'" Captain Cuttle never said anything half so good. The author has a marked preference for the word Yankee. "Decatur," he relates, "when in command of the President, was ordered to take the little sloop-of-war Hornet and the new Yankee corvette Peacock, and go on a cruise." (Vol. III, page 215.) In the Navy List of 1814 both ships are rated as sloops-of-war of 18 guns. Why the Peacock should enjoy the distinction of being classed as a "Yankee corvette," is not altogether clear.

The following incident is related as having happened to the Constitution when in Portsmouth, England, in 1811. A deserter from an English man-of-war sought refuge on board of her, and a demand for his surrender was refused by Captain Hull. When the Constitution got under way to proceed to sea there was a move on the part of the English ships to stop her. Captain Hull cleared ship for action, and his crew were eager for a fight. "But they were disappointed," we are told. "The Englishman came yapping up till he saw the teeth of the silent Yankee turned upon him, when he hesitated, turned, brailed in his spanker, as a dog tucks his tail between its legs, and ran back to his own enclosure." (Vol. II, page 16.) This is not the style calculated to elevate the literary taste of the class of readers

likely to become interested in the book. The author strikes a false note when he says (Vol. III, page 176) that, for the purpose of rousing seamen to do their best when going into battle, "One rooster in the rigging is worth a dozen prayers on the quarter-deck"—a statement that must meet with general condemnation.

Dealing exclusively with nautical affairs, the work should have been revised by a nautical expert of literary proclivities. We should then have been spared such expressions as a "fleet of three vessels," Vol. I, p. 126; an English merchantman "had gone adrift" from a big fleet, instead of being separated. On page 154, Vol. I, we have "the flag first spread on the Drake was shot away, but they raised another." A "naval ship" is bad form; the "gridiron flag" is bad taste. In Vol. IV, page 349, we are told that David D. Porter was "placed in charge" of the Mississippi Squadron, Trafalgar Bay (Vol. II, page 25) is usually called a cape. There are some four hundred illustrations, maps and diagrams. Many of the former are curious, and very interesting, but some are very poor and without relevancy to the text. The excellent portrait of Admiral John Rodgers bears the name of C. R. P. Rodgers. The picture of a monitor with her pilot-house on the turret, Vol. IV, p. 192, is not the representation of the original monitor with the pilot house forward of the turret. Why the very poor woodcuts of vessels should have been transferred from "Kedge Anchor" to these pages is incomprehensible.

On the whole, the book will prove very entertaining to a certain class of readers.

"The Veracity of the Hexateuch"

A Defence of the Historic Character of the First Six Books of the Bible. By Samuel Colcord Bartlett, D.D., LL.D. Fleming H. Revell Co.

THE VENERABLE ex-President of Dartmouth College does not forget that for years he was an Old Testament Professor, and he comes to the defence of traditional views of the Old Testament with an acute mind, undulled by the years, and with a trenchant pen. His title is hardly a fortunate one, except for popular effect, because it begs the whole question. Lack of veracity implies a purpose to deceive. Only eccentric critics ascribe such a purpose to the authors of the Hexateuch. The several documents are written with conviction and a desire to advance the truth. The writers were subject to limitations. They saw only in part, they misunderstood some things, they disarranged others, they sometimes ascribed the present to the past,—but critics do not therefore regard them as non-veracious. The title raises a false issue.

The same failure to appreciate the attitude of criticism appears in other respects. At the outset, Dr. Bartlett tries to discredit critical theories of the Hexateuch by a reference to the Homeric question and the modern reaction toward the traditional opinion. But the cases are not parallel. If the dissection of Homer could have been supported as the documentary theory of the Hexateuch has been, by the combined evidence of language and style, of historical situation, of discrepancies in narrative, of theological conception, of editorial marks, the unity of Homer would now find few voices uplifted in its favor. For the rest, the book consists largely of special pleading. New views undoubtedly require a fundamental change in the way of looking at the Old Testament. But the question whether new views are right cannot be met by assuming that they are wrong, and then endeavoring to show that there are devices by which the traditional view can be propped up. The difficulties must be fairly considered. An increasing number of those who consider them are reaching the conclusion that they demand, for their removal, that different conception of the Old Testament which Dr. Bartlett assumes to be totally false. His book is vigorous, but it is a forlorn hope. The critics may be obliged—not indeed by him—to give up this untenable position, or that, but from the main position which he as-

sails they are not likely to be dislodged. Reaction will not be the watchword of the twentieth century.

"Heirlooms in Miniatures"

By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. J. B. Lippincott Co.

HERE are brought together some interesting and representative American miniatures, with brief records of the persons whom they represent and with some account of the artists, most of whom were persons of interest apart from their art. Among the numerous illustrations are reproductions of portraits of Colonel John Laurens by Charles Willson Peale, of Admiral Lord Rodney, by John Singleton Copley, of Mr. Joseph Anthony, Jr., attributed to Gilbert Stuart, and of Major-General Nathaniel Greene, by John Trumbull. Of Trumbull, who was, in his way, a very picturesque character, there are several pages of anecdotes, extracted chiefly from his very entertaining "Autobiography, Reminiscences and Letters." There is a portrait of Faith Trumbull, his artistic sister, and one of the stories repeated from the autobiography is that of her younger brother copying her sketches in the sand that strewed the floor, for as he remarks "carpets were then unknown in Lebanon." The family, it should be said, belonged to Lebanon, Conn. The less familiar story of the eccentric Mrs. Wright, who was never done modeling heads in wax and who scared certain French officials out of their wits by suddenly uncovering what appeared to them the head of a dead man, which she carried with her, wrapped in a napkin, is retold; and there are many good stories about Gilbert Stuart, Malbone, Robert Fulton, Sully, Freeman and other celebrated miniaturists. The present revival of the art of miniature-painting makes the appearance of this lovely volume timely.

Canada and Newfoundland

1. *A History of Canada.* By Charles G. D. Roberts. Lamson, Wolff & Co. 2. *A History of Newfoundland, from the English, Colonial and Foreign Records.* By D. W. Prowse, Q. C., LL.D 2nd Edition. Brentano's.

THE MOST striking characteristic of this "History of Canada" (1) is its high literary quality. It is written in a flowing and graceful style, always clear, direct and impressive. The largeness of the subject and the smallness of his space, compelled the author to select his points with care, and to practice a rigorous exclusion of minor detail. He shows no small degree of skill in the arrangement and handling of his topics. Everything is made to tell on the general result. Canadian history has many picturesque elements, and Prof. Roberts has succeeded in presenting them in a highly readable form. The severe critic may perhaps be disposed to resent an occasional touch of fine writing and the obvious effort to display young Canada in her finest clothes on all occasions. There is always a temptation to convert the history of the past into a plea for present national pride and self-gratulation. Our own history has suffered long and heavily from these same tendencies, and we have small right to chide our neighbors for yielding to them; but our newer generation of historians are showing an example of impartiality and soberness that might be followed with advantage.

Something must undoubtedly be conceded to an author who writes, as Mr. Roberts probably did, for beginners and for the general public. A book for popular reading must create an interest as it goes. The dry and uninviting, however important, must be eschewed; the painful sifting process, so essential to justice, is out of the question; entire accuracy and fairness must yield to the necessity of being always interesting. Unfortunately for the prospects of mutual good-will between the kindred peoples of Canada and the United States, the most stirring and picturesque passages in both histories have to do with the military and naval struggles of two protracted wars, and with long diplomatic contests hardly less bitter than actual wars. It will probably startle American readers of this history of Canada to see how grasping and unjust neighbors we appear to be in Canadian eyes.

Perhaps perfect fairness in such matters is hardly to be expected; more is the pity. We make no claim of saintliness for the diplomatic conduct of the United States in relation to boundaries, fisheries, Fenian raids, etc.; but neither can we think it

quite so bad as Mr. Roberts makes it. For example, in telling his story of "Webster's duplicity" in withholding the alleged Franklin map, at the making of the Ashburton treaty, he ought to have told the reader clearly that there is no proof showing the map to be Franklin's; that at best there is only a probability. Further, he ought to have mentioned the many other maps that figured in the case, and the "duplicity" that withheld, on the English side, the map favoring the American claim and marked, in George III's handwriting, as having come to him from the English negotiator of the peace of 1783, to indicate the boundary. Again, Mr. Roberts's account of the Oregon dispute (p. 331) avers that the United States Commissioners in 1826 acknowledged the Columbia river as the boundary, from its mouth to the 49th parallel. The claim to the country north of the Columbia he represents as first advanced about 1845. This, if true, would make the conduct of the United States inexcusable. Again, Mr. Roberts states that the Nootka difficulty of 1790, between England and Spain, was "referred to arbitration"; and that "the decision of the arbitrators gave all the Pacific coast to Great Britain, from California in the south to Russian America in the north" (p. 255). The only arbitration Pitt would have in the matter was the rough arbitrament of war, if Spain had not promptly abandoned her pretensions. Again, it is not true that "colonial shipping was kept down by severe navigation laws" (p. 183), seeing that colonial vessels were regarded as British, and shared the supposed advantages of the navigation laws. The Stamp Act was not passed in 1763; and it is hardly fair to the Rockingham ministry to say that "at the eleventh hour it bowed before the storm and repealed the tax" (p. 184).

But we must not, by dwelling on slips, give the impression that inaccuracy is the chief characteristic of Mr. Roberts's book. It is probably as accurate as first editions of such books generally are; and in other respects it is far above the average. The accompanying map of Canada is unworthy of the text.

Judge Prowse's "History of Newfoundland" (2) is a book of a wholly different order from that of Prof. Roberts. The author makes no pretense to literary polish. He is content with getting his materials together in a rough chronological sequence. His facts are strewn along without much attention to historical perspective or logical connection,—some in the text, some in footnotes, and the rest in an appendix to each chapter. In one way or another he has worked into his fabric a great mass of information regarding the past of Newfoundland. He has copious quotations from all sorts of sources, and a large array of maps, cuts, portraits and other illustrations,—all of them finely executed. The form of the book and the abundance of local and personal matter suggest rather the town history than the more stately record of a whole province.

The domestic history of Newfoundland, if the plain truth may be told, has few inspiring themes. In large part it is a story of rude contest with the elemental forces of nature, of greater or less success in catching codfish and seals in foggy and tempestuous seas. Disasters by flood and fire follow each other in ever recurring series. Much too often the historian has to tell of sectarian bigotry, class hatreds, party rancor and even outrageous riot. The violence of party spirit disclosed in Judge Prowse's narrative almost exceeds belief.

In spite, however, of the squalid elements so unhappily prominent in the history of the Ancient Colony, there is at least one feature which connects it with world-wide interest and gives it a touch of real dignity. In the neighborhood of Newfoundland it was that Englishmen and Frenchmen first crossed each other's path, nearly four centuries ago, as rival seekers for the riches of Northern America. The hard struggle that ensued was settled so long ago, as regards the mainland, that only students of history have occasion to know about it. But on the coasts of Newfoundland, where the feud began, it still goes on with much of its ancient bitterness.

Of all her once vast dominions in North America, France retains only two small islands, St. Pierre and Miquelon, near the southern coast of Newfoundland, together with a right of fishery on the northern and western shores of the English colony. This fishery right she holds under the peace of Utrecht, with certain modifications agreed on in 1783. The treaties unfortunately left the nature and extent of the right open to doubt and dispute. The question whether the French got the sole right to fish there, or only a right to share in the fishery with British subjects; whether English colonists may settle for any purpose on the "treaty shore"; whether the right to catch fish and dry them on temporary scaffolds includes the right to trap lobsters, and erect

canning factories; whether Frenchmen who land fishing supplies on the treaty shore may be required to pay duties thereon to the colony; whether French naval officers may or may not exercise coercive jurisdiction on the treaty shore, destroying nets, seizing boats and driving their owners away by force,—these and other questions have served to keep alive the ancient quarrel, and have at times threatened to lead to war. France clings to the tattered remnant of her old dominions with remarkable tenacity. She declines arbitration, except as to the lobster question, and refuses to part with her rights for a money indemnity, apparently hoping, by stiffness in Newfoundland, to gain concessions in Africa or in the Pacific. And so this fretting ghost of ancient conflict refuses to be laid. Judge Prowse, by the way, fails to exhibit clearly the status of the matter at the date of his writing. He speaks (p. 532) of "leaving the French Fishery dispute to be dealt with in a separate chapter"; but no such chapter appears in his book.

Next to the grievance of the treaty shore, the great question for Newfoundland is that of joining the Dominion of Canada. There is a party, or perhaps some portion of all the parties, in favor of confederation; but the majority of the voters are still opposed. Why is it that island communities are so reluctant to unite politically with the mainland? Rhode Island held aloof from the Union of the States in 1788. Prince Edward Island would not join the Dominion till six years after it was established, and Newfoundland is out of it still. The three cases can hardly be mere coincidences.

"The Pride of Jennico"

By Agnes Castle and Egerton Castle. *The Macmillan Co.*

A SEMI-PICAQUESQUE novel is "The Pride of Jennico," by Agnes and Egerton Castle. Though a story of adventure, it succeeds in entertaining the reader without much fighting and killing, yet its period is the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and its scene principally a remote part of the Austrian empire. The hero is an English gentleman, fallen heir to a princely estate within the Emperor's domain, and the heroine—well, upon her identity hinges the plot, and that we must not betray in a short review, because the reader will not thank us for thus lessening the pleasure of a few hours' reading. Suffice it to say that a princess and her maid of honor appear in the neighborhood of the castle, that pride of race prompts Captain Basil Jennico to look for an alliance with a royal house, and that love plays him strange tricks, making him feel for a while that glory is well lost for the sake of the dimpled and roguish smile, the piquant loveliness of the maid of honor. The reader is allowed to suspect the true state of affairs more than once, but only sufficiently so to whet his curiosity the more, and to lure him on irresistibly to the end, that he may verify his suspicions and laud his own perspicacity. "The Pride of Jennico" is an excellent story most pleasingly told. (Macmillan Co.)

"Free to Serve"

A Tale of Colonial New York. By E. Rayner. *Copeland & Day.*

THE idea of taking an eighteenth-century English gentlewoman, and by a chain of strange but absolutely probable circumstances transforming her into a bond-servant on the plantation of a Dutch patroon, was a happy find that in the hands of this author yielded excellent material to the end. The story is long—perhaps a little too long for its own good,—but this defect, which is, after all, only problematical and a question of taste, is hardly perceptible to the reader for amusement only. One is somewhat puzzled to account satisfactorily for the unquestionable and sustained interest of this novel. It contains no striking character-drawing, its information regarding colonial times and customs is only incidental and its dramatic closing chapters are made up of material that, in slightly different forms, we have happened upon time and again, yet it has to a high degree that most desirable of qualities in a book—readability. Perhaps the close-knit logic of the development of its plot is the chief factor in bringing about this happy result: here, indeed, we have the hard writing that makes easy reading—probably we should say "hard planning," for the story bears evidence that the plot was thoroughly thought out from first to last, and in all its aspects, before it was put to paper. However, in these days of bad books without end, it is unprofitable, perhaps unjust, to go too deeply into this question of why and how in the case of so excellent a piece of work. Each author writes according to his light, and the light of E. Rayner is one of which we hope that it may shine long and with increasing brilliancy.

He—it is quite possible that we should say "she"—has a vein of romance that is well worth developing. It may in time yield something that will endure.

The great fault of the book is one of omission. The descriptions of New York, Albany and the patroon's great domain are of the vaguest, yet there were splendid opportunities for detailed treatment of the Dutch *huisvrouw*'s domain and its routine, that would have vastly added to the picturesqueness of the story. Moreover, the tone of the book is too modern to make it fit entirely into the period of its action. These people, English and Dutch both, but especially the former, are children of the end of the nineteenth century in methods of thinking and viewing, not of the beginning of the eighteenth; and the strong national characteristics of the Dutch are only brought out in one or two particulars, which are true, though not pleasant. In fact, the author would seem to have neglected to make the historical researches necessary for a faithful picture of the time, the country and the people, relying too much upon the smattering of information on these subjects which all of us acquire in the course of our general reading. The plot carries the story to success notwithstanding this omission; but that the tale would have been much better, would have gained immeasurably, by a course of historical reading, is a fact that cannot be denied.

"Tales of Trail and Town"

By Bret Harte. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

MR. BRET HARTE's new volume, "Tales of Trail and Town," contains some of the best work that has come from his pen in recent years. The opening story, "The Ancestors of Peter Atherly," may fitly be described as a masterpiece. It has an ingenious central idea, and is worked out with the happiest attention to details and a deftness of suggestion that can only be fully appreciated during a second reading. Perhaps this is the truest praise the story can receive: it not only deserves to be reread, it commands the new perusal almost at once. Its dramatic force is genuine, almost instinctive, and the glimpse it gives of army life on the frontier, and of Indian warfare, is one of the best things of its kind in American fiction. Mr. Harte's hand has not lost its cunning, though of late it may occasionally have seemed tired of its trade. "The Ancestors of Peter Atherly" will unquestionably rank high among his best productions. Among the rest of the contents of the volume we may mention "The Judgment of Bolinas Plain," the tale of the acrobat who committed murder, which was dramatized and played with considerable success last year; "A Night on the Divide," in which we find again Miggles's half-grown tame grizzly, and with it—most appropriately in this excellent volume—all our memories of the days of "The Luck of Roaring Camp"; "The Youngest Prospector in Calaveras," which, also, recalls the author at his best; and "A Tale of Three Truants," simple as its title, yet made important by the art with which it is told. "The Strange Experience of Alkali Dick" is ingenious in conception. One of Buffalo Bill's cowboys is discharged during the show's engagement in Paris and has an adventure that is possible, yet romantic almost beyond belief. "Two Americans," the only remaining story, deals with that standby of American story-tellers—the meeting in Paris of two young people who have gone there to study art and learn to love. Unless we mistake very much, the volume is sure of a hearty welcome. It deserves it.

"Tales of the City Room"

By Elisabeth G. Jordan. *Charles Scribner's Sons*

MISS ELISABETH G. JORDAN, herself a successful newspaper woman, has written number of sketches of her fellow-workers, under the title of "Tales of the City Room." The layman is provided with the information necessary for his enjoyment of these short tales, in a prefatory note, which tells all about the room and its denizens—the city editor, the copy-reader, reporters, etc.—and about "assignments," "stories," "fakes" and "beats." Thus he is enabled to appreciate the "local color" surrounding these tales, which range from the city editor himself to the office boy. Of course, a modern newspaper worker, to be successful, must know somewhat of the art of fiction, just as some writers of fiction need reportorial methods in the practice of their art, but on the whole Miss Jordan is a realist, and thereby obtains her best effects, as witness the tale "At the Close of the Second Day," which deals with the respectable destitution that charity cannot reach, because it hides itself and dies standing with its

back to the wall and a bold front to the world. How important a part woman plays in modern journalism is incidentally brought out. The cover of the book is appropriately stamped with a view of the *World* and *Tribune* towers, with the massive *Times* building looming up on the right. The office of *The Sun* is not within the line of vision, but he who knows Newspaper Row can easily picture it to himself hidden by the trees of City Hall Square, whose foliage forms the foreground. Young people contemplating a journalistic career will do well to read these tales. They present the hardships, pleasures and triumphs of the profession faithfully, and incidentally give some information about methods and processes that is not without value. If all of them follow this advice, the book will have a large circulation, indeed, for the city room is the Mecca of numberless nimble minds at the threshold of life.

"Harvard Episodes"

Copeland & Day

THE "Harvard Episodes" related by Charles Macomb Flan- drau are most happy in their perspective. Life at a great uni- versity is but the life of the world on a smaller scale, and this view of it is clearly set forth in the opening sketch, "The Chance." Says Robinson Curtiss:—"The conventional idea of an American college is that it consists of a multitude of lusty young men linked together by the indissoluble bonds of class and college, all striving together, shoulder to shoulder, for the same ends in a general way—just what the ends are I don't think the public cares very much, but they're presumably charmingly un- practical and fine,—and living in an intoxicating atmosphere of intimacy, a robust sense of loyalty that is supposed to pervade the academic groves and render them the temporary home of a great, lighthearted, impulsive, congenial brotherhood," whereas in reality "the undergraduate body faithfully reproduces, in little, the social orders of the whole country, and not only never for- mally recognizes their existence, but takes occasion, every now and then, somewhat elaborately, to deny it—a proceeding that of course doesn't change any one's position or make any one happier." On the other hand, this world, being on a smaller scale, brings out more prominently the good traits of its admirable members, and gives them a greater scope of usefulness than they can hope to find in later life. The inherent innocence of the "fast life" of callow youth is amusingly set forth by the writer, who strikes a discordant, but undoubtedly an inevitable, note in "The Ser- pent's Tooth," for which he atones, however, in "Wellington"—an episode which, notwithstanding Mr. Curtiss's dictum, quoted above, could only take place at an institution of learning, amid hearts and minds that are still young and fresh and full of sym- pathy. Taken all in all, the book is representative of old Har- vard, as seen by one whose memory has not yet been dimmed by the lapse of years.

"In the Midst of Life"

By Ambrose Bierce. G. P. Putnam's Sons

MR. AMBROSE BIERCE's stories, which are now republished, with considerable alterations and additions, under the title "In the Midst of Life," in order to conform to the original title of the London and Leipzig editions, are in the main what have been known here as "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians." The title now adopted is a happy one, if anything can be said to be happy in conjunction with such a mass of gloomy and funereal imaginings. They suffer by collection, for the keynote of them all is the same—death, and death accompanied by every circumstance of mental or bodily horror that can heighten its grimness: so that only those who desire to sup full of horrors can comfortably swallow them all at a sitting. Coming to this book by chance fresh from a re-reading of Mr. Kenneth Grahame's "Golden Age," so inspired by the delight of childhood, in which each day comes full-handed with fresh pleasures, one is led to wonder whether there is really much excuse for the insistent dwelling on the dark side of man's destiny—of which we see only too much for ourselves—that characterizes so large a part of present-day literature. Still, it must be said that if Mr. Bierce paints in sombre colors, he has a sure touch and a vivid imagina- tion, both for external phenomena and for the intricacies of the soul: while these sketches are comparatively free from the assumption, the pose, which is sometimes irritatingly obvious in his more ephemeral work.

Prof. Gates's Selections from Matthew Arnold

THE "Selections from the Prose Writings of Matthew Arnold," edited with an introduction and notes by Mr. Lewis E. Gates of Harvard University, give in brief compass what is most characteristic of Arnold's criticism of literature and life. Many of the selections, like those on "The Function of Criticism" and "On Translating Homer," are complete essays; others, like "Literature and Science" and "Emerson," are entire discourses—two of the three that Arnold gave repeatedly in this country. This was better than giving fragments of many papers and lectures, as the manner of some editors is. But the most noteworthy feature of the book is the introduction, which is a masterly disquisition upon Arnold's manner, his criticism of life, his theory of culture, ethical bias, literary criticism, appreciation, and style, and his relation to his times. Many able discussions of the man and his works have appeared on both sides of the ocean, but none, in our opinion, superior, if indeed equal, to this. It is a model of what such an introduction should be. (Holt & Co.)

Mrs. Chopin's "Night in Acadie"

"A NIGHT in Acadie" is the title-tale of a collection of short stories by Kate Chopin who, in "Bayou Folk," has already made us familiar with the simple, childlike southern people who are the subjects of her brief romances. "Athénaise," the longest of the stories, is written with much delicacy and understanding of both man and woman, and is only marred by one or two slight and unnecessary coarsenesses. "Regret" is a charming story of an unmarried woman who is horrified at the descent of a family of young children on her loneliness, and is doubly lonely when they are gone. It would be as true of any kind-hearted, lonely old maid, no matter what dialect she spoke. "A Dresden Lady in Dixie" is a touching account of devotion and self-sacrifice on the part of an old negro; so is "Nég Créol"; and "Odalie Misses Mass" shows that the devotion was sometimes on the other side. All the stories are worth reading. The author is sympathetic and tender, and shows a knowledge of the human heart, young as well as old, as "Polydore" and "Mamouche" prove. She is never very exciting or dramatic; there is even a slight feeling after reading about six of the stories, that one has read something very like the seventh before; but to anyone who wants to be quietly and soothingly interested for an hour, they are to be recommended. A breath of warm summer air, the hum of insects and the scent of flowers seem to hover round the reader, and the pleasant, low-toned Cadian patois lingers in his ear. (Way & Williams.)

The New Thackeray

MRS. RITCHIE'S EDITION OF HER FATHER'S WORKS

No matter what other edition of Thackeray one may own—whether the original in its yellow paper covers, or the green cloth octavos—he will still want the Biographical Edition, in thirteen volumes, of which Messrs. Harper & Bros. are the American publishers. "Vanity Fair," the first volume, is published to-day. It is a book of handy size, printed in clear type on good paper and sold at a moderate price. The frontispiece is a heretofore unpublished portrait of the author, which we are permitted to reproduce. But it is not the portrait, nor the type, nor the paper, that gives this volume its special value: it is the introduction by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, the novelist's daughter, which is filled with new anecdotes, and letters from her father's hand which have never before seen the light. Each succeeding monthly volume will contain equally interesting and important matter, and as we eagerly await them, we can realize, somewhat, the sensations of our parents or grandparents—according to our age—as they awaited the several "parts" of these novels as they were originally published.

Mrs. Ritchie tells us that her father never wished any biography of himself to be written, and for this reason she has never attempted to write one. It is only after a quarter of a century that she has "determined to publish memories which chiefly concern his books." Certain selections from his letters are included, which throw light upon the writing of the novels. "So much has been forgotten," she writes "so much that is ephemeral has been recorded, that it is my desire to mark down some of the truer chords to which his life was habitually set. For this reason I have included one letter to my Mother among the rest: it will show that he knew how to value the priceless gifts of home

and of happiness while they lasted, as well as to bear trouble and loneliness when they fell upon him."

Although "Vanity Fair" was written in 1845, Mrs. Ritchie cannot help thinking that it was really begun in 1817, when the little "Billy boy," as he was called, lately come from India, found himself "shut in behind those filigree iron gates at Chiswick, of which he writes when he describes Miss Pinkerton's establishment." He was still at that school when his mother and step-father came home, and the latter has described in a letter how she went to fetch him.

"He had a perfect recollection of me," she says; "he could not speak, but kissed me, and looked at me again and again, and I could almost have said, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.' He is the living image of his father, and God in heaven send that he may resemble him in all but his too short life! He is tall, stout, and sturdy. His eyes are become darker, but there is still the same dear expression. His drawing is wonderful."

His daughter thinks that he must have been a sensitive little chap of nine or ten, "not over strong, but well grown and ruddy in looks." He was very near-sighted, too, which prevented his taking as active a part as he would have liked in out-of-door games. In 1822, when he was eleven years of age, he went to Charterhouse. As he was

born in 1811 he must have been just four years old when the battle of Waterloo, which plays such an important part in "Vanity Fair," was fought. "For years and years," Mrs. Ritchie tells us, her father had to face "the great question of daily bread," as did others of his contemporaries—Carlyle, Tennyson, Dickens, John Leech and many more. But their work was to each one of them "a happiness, a progress, a fulfillment, rather than a task."

Besides a number of new drawings by Thackeray's own hand, this introduction contains a picture of No. 13 Young Street, Kensington—a wide, comfortable-looking house, where "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis" and "Esmond" were written. It was there that his two little daughters came to live with him. "Once more," says Mrs. Ritchie, "after his first happy married years, my father had a home and a family—if a house, two young children, three servants, and a little black cat can be called a family." Thackeray worked hard on "Vanity Fair," but its sales were slow—so slow, indeed, that the publisher had half a mind to stop its publication, rather than go on losing money. "I have been told," says Mrs. Ritchie, "that it was 'Mrs. Perkins's Ball' which played the part of pilot or steam-tug to that great line-of-battle-ship 'Vanity Fair,' and which brought it safely off the shoals."

As for the likenesses to real people in "Vanity Fair," Thackeray always said that he never consciously copied anybody, and yet Mrs. Ritchie tells of a "most charming, dazzling little lady dressed in black," who appeared in Young Street one day, and gave her father "a large bunch of fresh violets," and then disappeared as suddenly as she had come. Many supposed that she was the original of Becky, but Thackeray "only laughed" when people asked him. To those of us who think "Vanity Fair" one of the half-dozen great novels of the world, it is interesting to know that its author considered it undoubtedly the best of his books. And yet, in a letter to his mother, he says that he disliked everybody in it, "except Dob. and poor Amelia." Writing to Edward Fitzgerald about it, he says:—"I'm glad you like it. I don't care a darn if some other people do or don't."

Mrs. Ritchie writes that her brother-in-law has some of the manuscript of "Vanity Fair," and that it is curious to compare it with that of "Esmond." The latter is what the compositors

call "clean copy," while some of the chapters of "Vanity Fair" are "altered and rewritten, with many erasures and with sentences turned in many different ways."

There are thirty-nine pages of Mrs. Ritchie's introduction, all of which teem with interest and value to the lover of Thackeray, but none adds more to our conviction of his greatness than those that tell of his plucky fight in the face of disappointments, and of his tender solicitude for his two little girls, robbed by a terrible misfortune of a mother's care.

J. L. G.

"Come and See, Mr. Lang"

(Mr. E. S. Martin, in *Harper's Weekly*.)

MR. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS has begun to deny the reports that since his return home after his visit to this country he has made remarks unkind or uncomplimentary to the people of this great country. He writes to *The Critic* that it is really a matter of moment to him what is thought of him here, and that the reports of his utterances about America since his return are, so far as they have come to his notice, untrue.

This is the sequence of the experiences of the British lecturer who comes to these shores. He is interviewed when he lands, or before, does his best to say nothing, and begins the next day to deny that he was correctly reported. He carefully refrains from saying anything that is not absolutely harmless during his stay, but the utmost circumspection does not relieve him of the necessity of making occasional denials of remarks imputed to him. On the eve of his departure he is urged to give his impressions of America, but refrains from anything but commonplaces, and as his ship sails out of New York Harbor reports of his deliverances appear, which have a clear start of at least a fortnight before further denials can follow them. Then follow the reports of what he said after reaching home, and then more denials.

It is not pleasant. Mr. Hawkins ought to be assured that it is widely appreciated in this country that our apparatus for recording events that did not happen and remarks that were never made has reached an extraordinary pitch of proficiency, and that adequate allowance is always made by Americans of average intelligence for the inaccuracy of all remarks with which our visitors are credited.

Mr. Lang, grumbling to *The Critic* about this nuisance of irresponsible tattle, writes: "I wish British writers would 'swear oath, and keep it with an equal mind,' never to visit your hospitable country as readers or lecturers. But even so, do you think that they would escape the odium of being said to have said things?"

Come and see, Mr. Lang; come and see. There is a fair possibility that if you come here for fun you might have fun, just as there is a reasonable certainty that if you came here to earn money you would get the money. There is really a distinction between visitors who come here to make money by talking and visitors who come for pleasure, or to labor in other fields. There is a young Belgian prince somewhere in the country now, who seems as yet to have suffered no inconvenience from misreported talk or unpleasant surveillance. Signor Boldini, the portrait-painter, has been here for some months, and except that the Custom House has tried to convict him of swindling, and that he has had pneumonia, there are grounds for hoping that he has had a pleasant visit. M. Carolus Duran has just arrived from Paris, and as he does not care to be advertised, and is wholly independent of the newspapers, the chances are that his experiences will be serene. Those who live by the sword must expect to perish by the sword, and those who expect to profit by newspaper notices must be prepared for the drawbacks that seem to be inseparable from publicity so promoted.

The Lounger

I SEEM to be between the devil and the deep sea in the matter of a paragraph concerning Mr. Anthony Hope that recently appeared in this column. American journalists who believe that, if Mr. Hope did not say all that was attributed to him, he at least thought it, consider me an Anglomaniac, and take me to task because I didn't call him a cad. English journalists, on the other hand, take offence at my saying that I did not believe Mr. Hope was a cad. The London *Chronicle* speaks of the "singularly unfortunate phrase" in which I refused to believe so



Reduced from the Photogravure Frontispiece to "Vanity Fair."
Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers.

harsh a thing of Mr. Hope. What does *The Chronicle* want? Does it wish me to believe what I don't believe; or does it wish me to say that I believe what I don't believe? The situation would be amusing if it were not just a little irritating. To be considered too friendly to Mr. Hope, because you don't think him a cad, and to be assailed by his friends for saying you don't, seems to me pretty hard lines. The only person who appears to take a proper view of the situation is the gentleman most concerned—Mr. Hope himself.

THE LONDON *Academy* quotes the letters from Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Andrew Lang, published recently in *The Critic*, and says that Mr. Hope, being asked to give some further expression of his views replied as follows:—

"In regard to the matter on which you courteously offer me the opportunity of expressing my views, I have really very little to add. My letter to *The Critic*, although, I fear, a trifle irritable in tone, remains a true statement of the case. Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that, with all respect, I differ from the opinion expressed in Mr. Lang's letter. If I had agreed with it, I should not have gone on my expedition; if I had been converted to it, I should not look back on my expedition with the satisfaction and pleasure that I now feel."

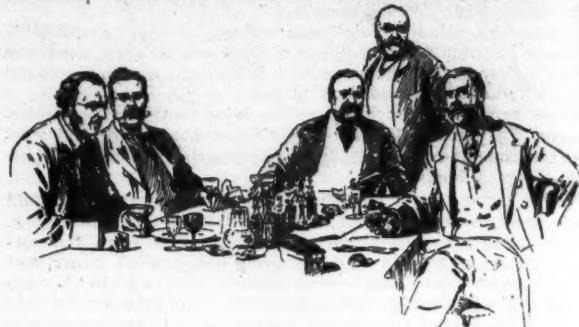
I HAVE on my desk a copy of a book called "So Runs the World," translated, apparently, from the Polish of Henrik, Sienkiewicz, by S. C. de Soissons. I notice that the translator dates his preface from "The University," Cambridge, Mass. Does he mean us to understand that he is a professor, or undergraduate, at Harvard University or is "The University" the name of an apartment-house or hotel in Cambridge? In this connection it might be well to state, that Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., the authorized publishers of Sienkiewicz in this country, will soon issue the story, essay and two plays that make up the contents of this book.

THE LATE James Payn was said to be a man without an enemy, notwithstanding the fact that he was a publisher's reader, and in that capacity must have refused the manuscripts of many aspiring authors. No one ever had an unkind word to say of him. Mr. Payn, at the time of his death, was the literary adviser of the English branch of Messrs. Harper & Bros.; sometime before that, he was the literary adviser of Baron Tauchnitz of Leipzig, a position which naturally gave him great influence over the fortunes of his fellow-authors on the Continent.

IN *The Illustrated London News* there is a symposium in memory of Mr. Payn. Sir Walter Besant, Sir Wemyss Reid, Messrs. Henry James, Stanley J. Weyman and Anthony Hope Hawkins and Dr. A. Conan Doyle being the contributors. "His best talk," says Sir Wemyss Reid, "was reserved for his friends of the luncheon-table, to whom, by the way, he dedicated his best novel "By Proxy," or for the guests, few but fit, who were privileged to meet him at his own board." The accompanying illustration shows the luncheon-table party. It represents the coffee-room at the Reform Club, and for more years than Sir Wemyss can remember, "that luncheon-table was one of the features of the Club; there, day after day, Mr. Payn met certain of his friends and gave them such entertainment for their simple midday meal as the costliest banquet in London could not have furnished. How the laughter from that table rang through the long room, occasionally scandalizing, it is to be feared, the grave politicians who sat elsewhere!" Dr. Robertson Nicoll devotes over four columns to Mr. Payn in the current *British Weekly*. He quotes what Mr. Barrie said of the dead novelist: "If I were an American millionaire, and could afford to keep a

James Payn Wm. Black

G. A. Sala J. Robinson Wemyss Reid



DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. WALTER WILSON, R. I.

A LUNCHEON-TABLE AT THE REFORM CLUB

novelist of my own, I would first offer the appointment to Mr. Payn; no better, shrewder, manlier writer touches paper; his very name puts one in good humor, like the sound of the dinner gong."

IN AN ARTICLE in *The Times* on "Books of the Spring" the writer says:—

The bulk of the publishing business, obviously, centres more and more in New York. There is no reason to suppose that it will not be fixed here for many years to come. This is, of course, in part due to the advantages of New York in the matter of press-work and binding, and to the facilities and cheapness of transportation, and, consequently, of distribution."

As a matter of fact, there are a number of New York publishers whose books are printed outside of New York; the Putnams, for instance, have their Knickerbocker Press at New Rochelle; the bulk of the Macmillan printing is done at Norwood, Mass.; other publishers patronize the University Press at Cambridge; still others, the Mershon Press in New Jersey. Nevertheless, New York is the publishing centre of the United States.

NOW THAT Mrs. Delia Tudor Stewart Parnell is dead, Bordentown, N. J., has lost one of its most interesting links with the historic past. Mrs. Parnell, as everyone knows, was the daughter of Commodore Stewart, popularly known as "Old Ironsides," whose home, Ironsides, on the banks on the Delaware, just below Bordentown, is one of the most attractive of the many attractive homes on that picturesque river. Mrs. Parnell has not lived there since the time she was assaulted and robbed of a bag of papers, a few years ago. There has always been a mystery about that assault, and a great many people in Bordentown are skeptical about it to this day; at any rate, Mrs. Parnell seems to have believed in it, and as soon as she recovered from the shock left the place. At the present moment, Ironsides is occupied as an industrial school for colored children, and there are no longer any Stewart connections with the place.

THE WORK in Mr. Henry Harland's new book of short stories, "Comedies and Errors," which has just appeared, is thus neatly described in the London *Daily Chronicle*:—

"He is a pastellist. He reminds one of that magician of the pantomime who, dropping a little powder into a saucer and setting light to it, colored rose or green a theatre full of common people. His first paragraph is Mr. Harland's saucer, a dozen words his powder, his arrangement of them sets them afame, and lo!—it is spring-time in Rome; it is May in Paris; the almond-blossom is out in Kensington Gardens. A moment later, and one of Mr. Harland's well-seen women takes the stage, and she is proud and fine and tender and witty; somehow you know, though you are not told, that she walks on slim, arched feet, has

the slender waist and throat of delicate breeding, and never a mean thought from head to feet. Enter one of Mr. Harland's men—a manly man (though his appearance is never described), a man who pulses with the right ardors, a man who not only talks but understands well. Then a love-scene, instinct with charm, with humor, warmth, *esprit!*"

MLLE. VALENTINE ABOUT, the eldest daughter of the well-known French novelist, has started a school of millinery for apprentices and amateurs in Paris. Though Edmond About was one of the most popular writers in France, during the Second Empire, and earned a great deal of money, he left no fortune to his family; so his daughter has decided to put her shoulder to the wheel, and do what French princesses and English titled ladies are not ashamed of doing.

ONE MIGHT enjoy the humor injected into the situation at the Castle Garden Aquarium, if it were not such a direct menace to the best interests of that admirable institution. If Col. James E. Jones has said all the things attributed to him by the papers, and there is no reason for doubting that he has, he should be keeping a fish-stand in Washington Market, rather than managing an aquarium that is designed to be of scientific benefit to the public. His predecessor, Dr. Bean, knew his business, and managed the interests of the Aquarium as it was intended they should be managed. He was not a Tammany man in politics or in his methods. Hungry Tammanyites were after the office, however. Mr. Croker is said to have hinted to Dr. Bean that his salary was wanted for another man, but he refused to take the hint. Tammany has an excellent plan for securing any salary that it wants for its own people, when it cannot oust the person who is drawing it. The office is abolished—and afterwards recreated. The Tammany man is then put into the newly created office, and all goes well—that is, as far as he is concerned; but it goes very ill for the public.

MOST OF US thought that Dr. Bean was the right man in the right place, but we are told by his successor that he was "too damn scientific to run an Aquarium." That was a new view of the situation. Col. Jones has expressed other views quite as new and startling. He may know a hawk from a hen-shaw, but he tells us quite frankly that he does not know much. He said to a *Times* reporter:—

"Take those specimens of sea anemones, for instance. They're out there in the laboratory, and few know anything about them, and more care less. What are they, a fish or a vegetable? I'm darned if I know, and I guess there are a whole lot like me."

Col. Jones also confesses to being a "jollier," but adds that he will curb his "jollying" habit for a time at least, and attend to business. His favorites in the Aquarium are the seals, because they are "just too funny for anything," particularly one who "squirts water over people." Are they, I should like to know, any funnier than Col. Jones? He has said enough to cause his instant dismissal by any other government than one that made its way into power with the battle-cry, "To Hell with reform."

SOME TIME AGO Mr. Clement Scott, the well-known English dramatic critic, said in an interview that it was almost impossible for a woman to adopt the stage as a profession and remain pure. Naturally, such a sweeping assertion aroused instant and wide indignation. Associations of actors demanded that *The Daily Telegraph*, for which he wrote, should ask for his resignation. Sir Henry Irving was among the most indignant members of the insulted profession, and he insisted upon an apology from Mr. Scott. After long waiting, this has at last come. It does not

seem to me to be a very good one, but Sir Henry is said to be satisfied. This is what Mr. Scott says:—

"I suggest that the words published, and which have evidently given much offence, were spoken at a moment of great mental strain, when my surroundings were such as to prevent me from clearly appreciating the distress they were likely to cause."

All Mr. Scott's criticisms put together have never attracted the attention that this one unfortunate remark has done, and notwithstanding the apology I doubt if he will ever regain his old position in the regard of actors and actresses.

MR. COURTNEY THORPE has made a "curtain-raiser" of Mr. Kipling's "The Light that Failed" and produced it in London. Now up speaks Miss Olga Nethersole and says that Mr. Kipling gave her the right to dramatize the story. I await the denouement with interest.

AMERICAN MANAGERS might take a hint from Messrs. Harrison and Maude of London, who, instead of giving foolish silver and pinchbeck knicknacks as theatrical souvenirs, have celebrated the success of "The Little Minister" with a memento that is worth having—a prettily bound portfolio of black-and-white sketches, by Phil May, of all the characters in Mr. Barrie's play.

MR. DALY knows better than to give his audiences jim-cracks. Whenever there is a Daly souvenir it is something worth having. On Wednesday night last he gave a most appropriate and valuable memento of Miss Rehan's season—a 200-page "study" of that accomplished actress, by Mr. William Winter, with twenty-five portraits of Miss Rehan, in costume and out. The book contains a reprint, revised and augmented, of Mr. Winter's study of Miss Rehan first published in 1891, and called "A Daughter of Comedy." That has been long out of print and is one of the things much desired by the "collector." The chapter in the new issue devoted to "A Character of Ada Rehan," is one of the most interesting in the book. So little is known of Miss Rehan outside of her assumed characters, that I for one was very glad to learn a little more about her personality. Mr. Winter has not gone into gossip, but he tells us who are her favorite novelists—Thackeray and Balzac,—and as they happen to be mine, I am particularly pleased. We are told also that her domestic life is "tranquil and happy—diversified with study, and with the sportive company of her animal pets." Then we are given a glimpse of the actress "at home."

"I have seen her wandering with her dog on the broad and solitary waste of the breezy beach that stretches away for many a sunlit mile in front of her sequestered cottage upon the Cumberland shore of the Irish sea"; and she is "never so contented, never so radiant, never so much herself, as in that beautiful retreat. . . . There encompassed with associations of natural beauty and of historic and poetic renown, and surrounded with her books, her pictures, her relics, or music and her pets, I love to think of her; and there I leave her, in this tribute of honor and affection—her lithe figure, clad in istic garments, standing alone upon the windy beach, her gentle face serene in reverie, and her sweet eyes looking dreamily across the sea."

A charming picture, Mr. Winter, painted with the brush of a poet. In the chronology at the back of the book I notice that Miss Rehan made her first appearance upon any stage in "Across the Continent," at Newark, N. J., in 1873. I had the pleasure of assisting on that interesting occasion, but to my shame be it said, I did not realize how interesting it was.

I REGRET to hear that Signor Verdi is lying dangerously ill at his apartment in the Piazzale del Principe, Genoa; he has relinquished his intended visit to Paris, where the "Stabat Mater" was to be performed under his direction, during Holy Week.

The Archbishop is said to have visited Signor Verdi and to have brought him an autograph letter from the Pope, who is one of his oldest personal friends.

The Fine Arts

Drawings by Burne-Jones and Etchings by Queen Victoria.

A MOST curious and interesting composite exhibition is that which is now being held at the Keppel Gallery. The drawings, mostly in crayon, by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, have all the beauty and refinement that we naturally look for in the artist's work, with a good deal more spirit than is to be found in the majority of his paintings. There is an entire absence of that lackadaisical air which we commonly associate with the Burne-Jones female, but which, in fact, is common to a large section of the modern English school. Compare the drawings in red chalk of a "Girl Seated, with a Book" and a "Girl Seated, with a Bowl," with the figures in the photograph of the picture of "The Hours," as studies for which they were done. The drawings have the accent of life, while the figures in the photograph look fatigued, or exhausted of vitality. This remarkable artist has, in fact, injured his reputation by setting himself tasks that are too laborious. He has not the dull, obstinate energy of the average Briton—a quality which has never produced a work of art. These drawings are, therefore, quite exceptionally interesting. Among the most remarkable are the fine head of "Perseus" in body color, a "Girl Seated, Partly Draped," in black and white chalk on dark brown paper, and a slight sketch in red chalk of "Four Seated Figures," a study for the painting of "The Passing of Venus."

The etchings by Queen Victoria, the best of which are studies after paintings or drawings by Landseer, show an excellent understanding of the principles of the art, which Her Majesty probably owed to that painter, who was her teacher. At any rate, the quality is there; and as Mr. Keppel says in his preface, "These etchings come nearer to being works of art than do those of some more pretentious amateurs." Martial's concise treatise on the principles of etching—the best that has been written—is, by the way, translated, for the first time, in Mr. Fitzroy Carrington's catalogue of the collection of etchings lately presented to the Cooper Union Museum by Mr. Samuel P. Avery. Students and collectors will find this *catalogue raisonné* one worth owning.

Mr. Tiffany's Work in Glass

THE visitor to the Tiffany Glass and Decorating Co.'s studios finds, at all times, much to interest him and to satisfy his desire for beauty. Just at present, there is under way a window by Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, the subject of which is a simple spray of the Guelder rose, or snow-ball bush, as it is more commonly called. The artist has succeeded wonderfully in rendering in glass the very texture and quality of color in the flowers, without the use of either enamel paint or of imitative moulding of the material. The processes employed are largely the well-known ones of leading different colored glasses together, and "plating," or backing them up with other colors; but, in addition to this, Mr. Tiffany has succeeded in painting glass into glass with something of the freedom so easily obtained in oils or in water-colors. This makes a distinct forward step in what we may call pictorial, as distinguished from monumental stained-glass.

Of the latter some very pleasing examples are shown, in which figures and background are treated with somewhat of the reserve of the old cathedral windows; but in a color scheme quite distinct from theirs. Important works in progress in the glass mosaic department, and the new shapes and colors which are being produced in favrile glassware, are worthy of prolonged inspection. A day may be pleasantly and profitably filled in examining the various workshops of the firm.

M. de Monvel and the Tariff Law

IN ANNOUNCING on Feb. 12 that M. Boutet de Monvel would sail on that day for the United States, to exhibit his works in this city and perhaps elsewhere, and to paint children's portraits in Chicago, we were, it seems, a little premature. The distinguished painter *was* to have sailed hither on *La Champagne*, but he did not do so, and it is doubtful now whether he will come at all. He had reckoned without his host—the United States Government,—and it might aptly be said by Uncle Sam (as in Emerson's "Brahma")

"They reckon ill who leave me out."

It was the intention of M. de Monvel to bring with him the originals of the colored illustrations for his story of the life of Joan of Arc and other paintings, including portraits; and it may be that he had hoped, after exhibiting, to sell some of them, on paying the duty upon such as might be sold. Of course the idea of selling anything imported under bond must have been abandoned after the seizure, in similar circumstances, of the Boldini paintings; but apparently the option remained of exhibiting the pictures, and taking them away again at the end of six months.

One might think that the framers of the tariff bill would have thought it a good thing, for the Government, to have a painting sold that had been imported under bond, if the owner were willing to pay 20 per cent. for the privilege. But the object of the present law being, not the production of revenue, but the exclusion of foreign products, this impression is seen to be erroneous. Exportation and reimportation, so it appears to the customs officials, are necessary preliminaries to the sale in this country of goods imported under bond—a condition that practically prohibits any such sale. It reminds one of Mr. Ralph's experience in London, where he arrived from Paris after midnight, and found himself unable to get a meal at a hotel or restaurant, because he had failed to send word that he was coming—an oversight which suggested that the only way to get anything to eat, was to go back to Paris and send a telegram.

That a professional artist, coming here to paint the portraits of good Americans, should be debarred from bringing with him his old pictures, which thousands of other good Americans would be glad to see, were a fit subject for Mr. W. S. Gilbert's satiric pen.

The law on the subject is summarized in the following letter from the New York Custom House :

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

Replying to your letter of the 4th instant, I have to say that this office is not furnished with copies of the Revised Statutes, or portions of the same, for general distribution.

Paragraph 701, Act of July 24, 1897, provides that works of art . . . brought by professional artists, lecturers or scientists arriving from abroad for use by them temporarily for exhibition . . . and not for sale, shall be admitted free of duty, . . . but bonds shall be given for the payment of such duties as may be imposed by law upon any and all such articles as shall not be exported within six months after such importation.

Article 702, same act, provides, that works of art . . . imported in good faith for exhibition at a fixed place by any state or by any society or institution established for the encouragement of the arts, science, or education, or for a municipal corporation, . . . and not intended for sale, are exempt from duty, but bonds shall be given . . . for the payment of lawful duties which may accrue should any of the articles . . . be sold, transferred, or used contrary to this provision, and such articles shall be subject at any time to examination and inspection by the proper officers of the Customs; *Provided* that the privileges of this and the preceding section (701) shall not be allowed to associations or corporations engaged in or connected with business of a private or commercial character.

JOHN QUACKENBUSH, Deputy Collector,
OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS,
PORT OF NEW YORK, Feb. 5, 1898.

A personal friend of M. de Monvel's, having written to the Secretary of the Treasury in the painter's behalf, received the following official reply :

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 28, 1898.

MR. R. U. JOHNSON :

Sir:—I am in receipt of your letter of the 18th instant, in which you state that the French painter, Monsieur Boutet de Monvel, who contemplates a visit to the United States, desires to avail himself of the privilege of paragraph 701 of the act of July 24, 1897, by bringing with him certain pictures (works of art) for exhibition, and you request to be informed whether Mr. de Monvel would be at liberty, at the expiration of the bonded period for the return of the pictures, to sell any of them, upon payment of the duty found due thereon.

In reply, I have to inform you that the Department, some time since, considered the question involved in your communication

and, in its decision of October 1, 1897 (S. 18,418), held that there is no provision of law authorizing an exhibition of paintings of the kind under consideration, in bond, if they are intended for sale.

Paragraph 701 provides for the free entry of works of art brought by professional artists for use by them temporarily for exhibition, and for bond to be given for the payment of duties upon all such articles as shall not be exported within six months after importation. This provision requires the existence of an original intention on the part of the importer to use the articles for exhibition only, but it enforces no penalty for a failure to carry out such intention, beyond the payment of duties imposed by law. It is, therefore, implied that a *bona fide* change of intention may result without fraudulent design and that, although the primary purpose of the importation shall be the exhibition of the articles, yet the acceptance of an unexpected offer to purchase the articles will only entail the payment of duty upon the same.

Respectfully yours,
W. B. HOWELL, Assistant Secretary.

It seems to us that this interpretation of the law subjects the visiting artist to a temptation which it would call for Spartan integrity to resist. Unless, on sailing for America, he is absolutely determined not to part with a single one of his pictures in this country, it must be very easy for him to take the prescribed oath—and alter his intention afterwards. The law appears to us to put a premium on juggling with one's conscience. The oath reads thus:—"I . . . do truly swear that I am an artist by profession; that the above-mentioned . . . are my productions and were brought by me to the United States for exhibition only and not for sale."

Art Notes

—IN A collection of paintings from the Sedelmeyer Galleries shown at the Ortiges Gallery, April 9-14, were some good paintings of the old English school, notably a "Portrait of Mrs. Coxe," by John Opie, an excellent piece of brush work, powerful and harmonious in color; an early Turner, "Lake Thun, Switzerland," and examples of Constable, Gainsborough and Reynolds. Among the best of a larger number of French paintings were an excellent Corot, "Lake Nemi," a Meissonier, "The Vedette," and several sketches by Fortuny.

—A number of spirited water-colors by Winslow Homer, representing fishing scenes in the Province of Quebec, are exhibited at Knoedler's Gallery. "Ouananiche Fishing," "Guides Shooting Rapids," "The End of the Portage" and an "Indian Camp" are among the most characteristic.

—A number of portraits by Mr. Frederico de Madrazo, who inherits a large share of the talent that seems to run in the family, are exhibited at Oehme's gallery.

The Drama

"The Moth and the Flame"

THE enthusiastic praise bestowed upon Mr. Clyde Fitch's new play by the critics of some of our neighboring cities was scarcely justified at the Lyceum Theatre on Monday evening, although the actors, most of whom were thoroughly competent, evidently exerted themselves to win success. The piece is, in some respects, an advance upon much of the dramatist's earlier work, being a little more extensive in scope and serious in design, but is marked, nevertheless, by characteristic and, in an artistic sense, fatal defects. These are a lack of general proportion—of proper relation between the general tone and atmosphere of the play and the principal personages and incidents,—slovenliness of construction, arbitrariness in expedient and manifest exaggeration. On the other hand it may be conceded that the dialogue, if not particularly original or forcible, is brightly and pleasantly written, that several of the characters are consistently, if not very naturally sketched, and that two or three of the situations have decided theatrical value.

The story is unsympathetic and unnatural, although it would be easy enough to quote parallels to most of its incidents from experiences in real life. In skeleton shape it appears comparatively reasonable. The heroine, Marion Walton, insists upon marrying a notorious scamp in spite of all the well-meant warnings of her friends. She cares nothing about his past, she says, so long as she can have the direction of his future, and she declines to

listen to any evidence against him which is not supported by her own actual knowledge. She persists in this attitude even when her lover is claimed at the altar steps by the woman whom he has ruined and abandoned, but renounces him promptly and finally when, in a moment of frenzied passion, he raises his hand against the mother of his child. The cowardice of the deed destroys the love in her breast and, thereafter, she refuses to listen either to his threats or protestations, insisting only that he shall repair the wrong he has done, so far as is yet in his power, by marrying his victim. This he is supposed to do and Marion finds consolation in an old lover, whose fidelity is as unassailable as his respectability.

There is nothing contrary to life or experience in all this, but nevertheless the story appears utterly false, tricky and unnatural as it is told by Mr. Fitch. His colors are laid on much too thickly. The obstinate devotion of the heroine is quite incomprehensible in the circumstances, and the cynical libertinism of the rascally Fletcher far too frank and brutal. The church scene, too, although very likely to win the favor of an ordinary theatrical audience, is so overdrawn, so overladen with accumulated agony, that it seems almost wholly incredible. It is in the first act that the one really strong and vital dramatic situation occurs. There is a party in the home of the heroine and all the guests are masquerading in children's attire. Her father, the giver of the feast and one of the revellers, is an unsuspected embezzler and thief, and in the middle of the merriment he receives warning that inevitable exposure and disgrace await him on the morrow. Seeing no way of escape he deserts his guests in order to kill himself in his room upstairs; and the fun of the masqueraders is arrested momentarily by the shaking of the chandelier caused by the fall of his dead body. A little later the suicide is discovered by the heroine and her mother, but the two women, fearful of a scene, hold their peace, and stand, speechless with fear and horror, in the centre of a whirling group chanting nursery rhymes. It is almost incredible that the thing could happen as suggested, but the situation itself is exceedingly strong and imaginative, and has contributed in no small degree to the success which the piece has thus far enjoyed. Unfortunately everything that comes after it seems to be in the nature of anti-climax, and it was the fear, probably, of flagging interest which led Mr. Fitch into the exaggerations which weaken rather than strengthen his later acts.

The performance, as has been intimated, was meritorious, Mr. Kelcey especially distinguishing himself by the conscientiousness with which he brought out some of the worst features in the character of the fascinating libertine. He perhaps erred somewhat in the direction of over-emphasis. Miss Effie Shannon played the heroine attractively, although deficient in emotional power for such a part, and Mr. and Mrs. Lemoyne, Mr. E. W. Thomas and Mr. Bruce McRae are all entitled to a word of honorable mention.

"The Bonnie Brier Bush" in Chicago

THE construction of a good play from the material in Ian Maclaren's novels is a contradiction in terms. No successful writer has more completely ignored the principles of construction, and few have shown so small a sense of dramatic fitness in incident and characterization. His is distinctly the narrative style; his strength is in his description of character rather than in its self-revelation. His talk has no dramatic value; it is incidental, it leads nowhere. And it is only by laborious search through two or three books that Mr. James MacArthur and Mr. Tom Hall have found situations enough to make up a play. Even then, with all the misfortunes of several characters settled upon one poor head, with a new villain, and an entirely novel love affair, it seems barren of incident. Yet the ingenuity of the playwrights in shaking up the characters to form new combinations is extraordinary. The stories of Kate Carnegie and Flora Campbell are adroitly woven together, but the former retains Maclaren's dullness, while the latter loses his simplicity and pathos. To the history of Lachlan Campbell and his daughter, in which the novelist is at his best, which is also his most elusive from a dramatic standpoint, the playwrights have added much new material. A love-affair between Flora and Lord Hay, who appears in the books only as a suitor of Kate's, is made the motive of the girl's flight to London. It is a connection which the father misunderstands and resents as a disgrace in the first act, but welcomes as a blessing in the last.

The play opens in front of Marget Howe's cottage, which everyone passes on his way through the Glen, and no one ignores.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD

THE REV. DR. JOHN WATSON ("IAN MACLAREN")

All of the characters are introduced, and the act closes with Lachlan Campbell's fury over Flora's love for Lord Hay. The interior of the Campbell cottage is the scene of the second act, which reveals Flora's sudden determination to follow her lover to London. It ends with Lachlan's discovery—in the midst of a most superfluous crowd—of her flight, and his pitiful but majestic denunciation of her. The third act begins with a scene in London, which is almost a replica of one in "The Old Homestead." The Drumtochty figures appear, one after another, in the most surprising and opportune manner. And the direful plots of the villain are thwarted before our delighted eyes. The next scene carries us back to Drumtochty, continues the insipid love-affair between Carmichael and Kate, and brings Flora home, half dead. It only remains, therefore, for the fourth act to show how gallantly Weelum Maclare brings her back to life, and to wind up everything else gracefully. Some of the situations of the books are changed about and fitted to new characters. The Doctor's drive through the swollen river with the London physician, and his heroic struggle against a fever are concentrated into Flora's experience; and Kate's birthday dinner is given in the open and contains the end rather than the beginning of Carmichael's wooing. But much as the talk is diverted from the positions it holds in the books, it is all Maclare. And here again the ingenuity and conscientiousness of the dramatists are conspicuous. It would have been so much easier to write good dialogue than to find it.

It is Stoddart's play, and he alone of the company has caught the true atmosphere. His Lachlan Campbell is Scotch in essence as well as in speech. He lifts the rôle out of the conventional, he makes it human. Strength and exquisite tenderness are in his portrayal of the wounded old man; and he expresses them with a fine reserve, which is curiously out of keeping with this old-fashioned drama. The continual use of the soliloquy, the "aside," make one expect more melodramatic methods in the acting. But Mr. Stoddart is an artist and he has never shown it more clearly than now. The other members of the company were not born in Drumtochty. Miss Marie Burroughs is pretty and flirtatious as Kate, but a woman who knew enough to select

her gowns and hats would also know enough not to wear them in Drumtochty. Beruffled white satin seems a bit out of place at a village picnic. Mr. Brandon Hurst also dresses much too well as Carmichael; it is his most conspicuous quality. The sweetness and light of the Doctor's character are but dimly suggested by Mr. Charles Harbury. Miss Stoyles's Marget and Miss Alter's Flora are good, and some of the minor characters are handled with a good deal of spirit. But Mr. Stoddart alone goes to the root of things, touches the heart of Scotland. The scenery is excellent, the out-of-door village scenes having unusual freshness and charm. The play has been carefully staged throughout. And as a whole, though the acting, except in the case of Stoddart, does not do him justice, the play fairly represents Ian Maclare. It would be a dull man who could not judge by it of the character of his books.

CHICAGO, 11 April 1898.

LUCY MONROE.

An International Congress of History

AN International Congress of History will be held at The Hague, beginning Sept. 12, at about which time the Netherlands celebrate the coming of age and coronation of their young Queen. It is organized under the auspices of Her Majesty, and will be presided over by the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Netherlands, and by M. de Maulde la Clavière, General Secretary of the Society of Diplomatic History, of Paris. It will be composed of diplomatists, historians and men-of-letters. Each nation may use its own language in the discussions and in the papers presented. Ladies may become members. The subscription is fixed at 20 francs or \$4. The papers read before the Congress will be printed and distributed to the members. All questions relating to reduced rates of transportation and to accommodation of members, as well as to receptions, etc., will be regulated by the local committee under the presidency of M. Asser, Counsellor of State.

Mr. James Gustavus Whiteley (223 West Lanvale Street, Baltimore, Md.), of the Society of Diplomatic History of Paris, has been appointed to organize, and to preside over, the section of the United States. Among those who are organizing the sections of the several countries are the following: in Holland, the Local Committee at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; in France, the Central Committee, of which M. le Glay is Secretary; in England, Prof. Oscar Browning of King's College, Cambridge; in Belgium, Baron Jules d'Anthenan; in Servia, Prof. Vesnitch; in Greece, M. Bikelas; in Switzerland, Prof. de Crue de Stoutz; in Sweden, M. de Burenstam; in Spain, M. de Villa Urrutia; in Turkey, Caratheodori-Effendi; in South America, M. de Peralta.

Notes

A JURY in the United States Circuit Court has awarded to Mr. Robert Barr, the novelist, a verdict of \$1,000 damages in his libel suit against the *New York Sun*. The Court refused to let the jury award punitive damages. The libel is well known: *The Sun* stated in a London letter that Mr. Barr had been removed to an asylum for inebriates at Twickenham, and that his family were in destitute circumstances, in consequence of his bibulous habits. The statement was never retracted, though every opportunity was offered *The Sun* to retract it, and it was shown that another man of the same name was the inebriate in the case; hence the suit for damages resulting. It may be mentioned, incidentally, that since he came to America to press his suit, Mr. Barr has sold \$2,400 worth of short stories.

Messrs. Harper & Bros. will publish "Silence, and Other Stories," by Miss Mary E. Wilkins. It is some time now since we have had a new book from the pen of Miss Wilkins, and it will be very welcome. Another volume to be published by the same firm is "The Hundred, and Other Stories," by Miss Gertrude Hall. An odd title, but no odder than Miss Hall's stories

At a recent meeting of the New York Library Association and the New York Library Club, a committee was appointed to go carefully over the works of fiction published in 1897, and make a list of those deemed worthy of a permanent place in public libraries. There were seven that came up to the committee's standard, and they were:—"On the Face of the Waters," by Mrs. F. A. Steel; "St. Ives," by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson; "The Gadfly," by Mrs. E. L. Voynich; "The School for Saints," by

John Oliver Hobbes; "Captains Courageous," by Mr. Rudyard Kipling; "Hugh Wynne: Free Quaker," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and "The Choir Invisible," by Mr. James Lane Allen.

"The General Manager's Story," by Mr. Herbert E. Hamblen, the author of that exciting volume, "On Many Seas," will be published early in May by The Macmillan Co. This book deals as intimately with railroad matters as the author's first volume did with the sea. It will be illustrated by Mr. W. D. Stevens. The same house announces a new edition of Mr. Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution," with additions and corrections by the author; also, the second number of "Who's Who," edited by Mr. Douglas Sladen; a volume, by the way, in which there is much interesting information not obtainable in any other form.

The Doubleday & McClure Co. will publish next week a volume of short stories by Mr. Stephen Crane, to be called "The Open Boat, and Other Tales of Adventure," eight stories in all.

Messrs. Fleming H. Revell Co. announce the third edition of Vol. I of Dr. James S. Dennis's "Christian Missions and Social Progress," the first edition of which was issued last September. The second volume will not be ready until late next autumn. The work when completed will give an encyclopedic view of the Christian forces at work among non-Christian races.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish shortly the authorized American version of "Le Soutien de Famille," the story completed shortly before his death by Alphonse Daudet. The book will be issued simultaneously in Paris, London and New York. The title of the American version will be "The Head of the Family." The volume will include a biographical and critical introduction by Prof. Adolphe Cohn of Columbia, and a number of characteristic illustrations from designs by the Parisian artist Marchetti.

Messrs. Scribner are about to publish a series of "Stories by Foreign Authors," in ten volumes, devoted to the masterpieces of short-story writing by European authors—three French, two German, one Spanish, one Russian, one Scandinavian, one Italian and one miscellaneous—the latter including Polish, Greek, Belgian and Hungarian authors.

The London *Spectator* prints the following pleasant paragraph about one of America's authors:—"As a writer of fiction Mr. Howells is especially worthy of admiration in that, well-nigh alone amid American contemporary novelists of the front rank, he has withstood what may be called the denationalizing drift—the tendency to lay the scene anywhere but in America, and to people the stage with cosmopolitan characters. What is more, his literary patriotism has condemned him to no taint of provincialism; while, last, and best of all, his work is always clean, fresh and fragrant."

The Croscup & Sterling Company by special arrangement with The Macmillan Co. will publish in June a complete and limited edition of the Life and Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, in fourteen volumes, four of which will comprise the Memoir by the poet's son. A special edition of the Memoir, in four volumes, will also be issued, uniform with the present large-paper editions of the poet's works. The edition of the Memoir is limited to less than five hundred sets.

M. Edouard Rod has been received with marked attention in England, where he has been lecturing on the French novel—an inexhaustible topic, apparently, judging by the number of distinguished Frenchmen who are discussing it. In the course of his lecture M. Rod said:—"If the best works of the novelists are in some degree immoral, that is because there is in art itself a latent principle, an innate germ of immorality. Straitlaced people think this is sufficient reason for banishing all artists and holding aloof from them. You, ladies and gentlemen, do not share this opinion, since you have been so kind as to come and listen to a long dissertation upon one of the most perilous forms of literary art. Neither is it shared by myself, for in leaving you I go back to resume my pen as a novelist. My object will have been attained if I have conveyed to you that the French novel,

especially in the peculiarly French form of the novel of character, is not an accidental product of the present time, but a tree of which the roots are imbedded in the literary traditions of the country; that the place it has conquered during the last two centuries is in the front rank of the literary hierarchy; that it has in the past its title of nobility.

Mr. Clement K. Shorter, editor of *The Illustrated London News* and various other periodicals, pays a well-deserved compliment in a recent number of that journal:—

"The 'Variorum Shakspere' of Horace Howard Furness of Philadelphia, is a book some volumes of which I had the happiness to come across many years ago in the London Institution Library, and I have always counted it for the very best monument to Shakspere that the English-speaking race can boast of. To the editor's own informing notes, we have the notes of a hundred other scholars added, and the criticisms of Coleridge, Lessing, Goethe, and so on. No Shaksperian enthusiast can possibly do without Mr. Howard Furness's volumes."

Messrs. Hutchinson of London are just about to publish Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's novel, "The Honorable Peter Stirling," which has had such a remarkable sale in this country. The same firm announce Sir Richard Burton's posthumous volume.

"A French Volunteer in the War of Independence," by the Chevalier Pontgibaud, a volume of historical and personal reminiscences full of romantic interest, is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co. The author's recollections include his association with Washington, Hamilton, Burr, and other conspicuous figures.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.'s April announcements include "The Standard-Bearer," an historical romance, by S. R. Crockett; "Studies of Good and Evil," by Prof. Josiah Royce, of Harvard University; "Outlines of the Earth's History," a popular study in physiography, by Prof. N. S. Shaler, of Harvard University; and "Italian Literature," by Richard Garnett, in the Literatures of the World Series.

Messrs. Roberts Bros. will publish on the 20th "The Apostles," by Ernest Renan, translated and edited by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Henry Allen, who read the final proofs only a few days before his death; Tennyson's "Debt to Environment," by Prof. William G. Ward; and "The Cruel Side of War with the Army of the Potomac," letters from the headquarters of the United States Sanitary Commission during the Peninsular Campaign in Virginia in 1862, by Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley.

Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar and Mr. James Whitcomb Riley are writing a negro comic opera together; the cast, it is said, to be composed entirely of colored people. Who is to write the music has not yet been divulged. The idea is certainly striking; if there is anything in novelty, it ought to succeed.

Mrs. Wiggin's vivacious story "Penelope's Progress" will be published shortly, and as it relates wholly to Scotland, it is to be bound in Scotch plaid. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in order to procure precisely the plaid which seemed most fitting, have had it made especially in Glasgow. The result promises to be a volume in some respects unique.

Mr. Henry James is to write a series of "American Letters" for *Literature*. These letters may not be as "newsy" as though written in America; but they will certainly have the merit of being distinctly literary. This department of *Literature* has had many writers since the inception of that periodical: first Mr. Barrett Wendell of Harvard was installed; then Mr. E. S. Martin, and now Mr. James.

The Hublitzell prize (consisting of a gold medal, valued at \$100), which was established last year at Barnard College, is to be awarded for the first time this year, at commencement, to that member of the graduating class who presents the best essay upon a topic in American colonial history of the Dutch period. All students who compete for this prize are obliged to hand in their names by April 18.

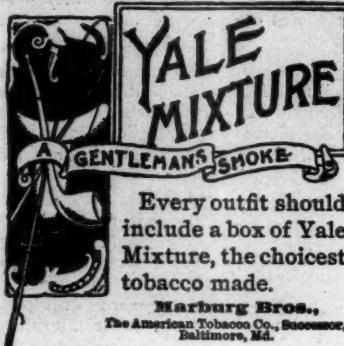
Dr. Daniel G. Brinton of the University of Pennsylvania read a paper entitled "Before the Dawn—Literature Among Savage Tribes" before the members of the Comparative Literature Society, in Carnegie Lyceum, on Saturday last. An interesting feature of this occasion was the presence of Thunder Cloud, an Indian of pure American descent, who elucidated Dr. Brinton's remarks by chants and recitations in several Indian dialects.

A number of "representative Englishwomen" have sent an address to M. Zola, expressing their entire sympathy with him in his recent difficulties; among other things that they admire him for is the "noble courage, self-sacrifice and disinterested sincerity" he has "displayed in most unequal struggle." Among the signers are Edna Lyall, Sarah Grand, Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Braddon and Mrs. Harry Furniss.

Publications Received

Adeney, W. F. The Construction of the Bible. 50c. Thomas Whittaker.
Adeney, W. F. The New Testament Retold for the Young. 60c. Macmillan Co.
American Baptist Year-Book; 1898. 25c. Amer. Bap. Pub. Soc.

Bennett, W. H. The Old Testament Retold for the Young. 60c. Macmillan Co.
Bernhardt, W. A Course in German Composition, Conversation and Grammar Review. Ginn & Co.
Cahan, A. The Imported Bridegroom, and Other Stories. \$1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Carlyle, Thomas. History of Frederick the Great. Vol. 5. \$1.25 Charles Scribner's Sons.
Cunningham, W. Western Civilization. \$1.60. Macmillan Co.
Dawson, S. E. The Voyages of the Cabots. From the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada for 1897. Ottawa: James Hope & Co.
Dickens, Charles. Our Mutual Friend. 2 vols. \$3. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Edwards, H. S. The Marbeau Cousins. Rand, McNally & Co.
Godkin, E. L. Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Granger, M. M. Washington vs. Jefferson. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Harris, J. C. Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and War. \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Hay, John. In Praise of Omar. T. B. Mosher.
James, L. The Indian Frontier War. \$3.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Koerner, H. T. Beleaguered. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Martin, C. M. and B. E. The New York Press and its Makers in the 18th Century. 10c. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Mifflin, L. The Slopes of Helicon. \$1.25. Estes & Lauriat.
Romero, M. Geographical and Statistical Notes on Mexico. \$2. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Sergeant, A. A Valuable Life. Rand, McNally & Co.
Sergeant, L. The Franks. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Simonds, M. and L. D. Gordon. The Story of Perugia. \$1.50. Macmillan Co.
Wenley, R. M. The Preparation for Christianity in the Ancient World. 75c. Fleming H. Revell Co.
Wylie, J. H. History of England under Henry the Fourth. Vol. IV. Longmans, Green & Co.



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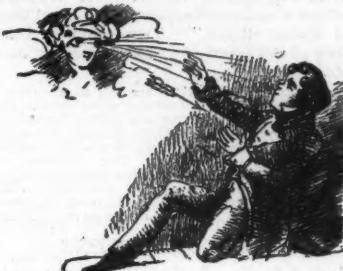
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